

THE
Metamorphosis:

OR, THE
Old Lover Out-witted.

A
F A R C E.

As it is now ACTED at the
NEW THEATRE
IN
LINCOLNS-INN-FIELDS.

Written Originally by the Famous *Moliere*.

By Mr John Coker.

L O N D O N :

Printed for Bernard Lintott at the Middle-
Temple Gate in Fleetstreet. 1704.

Price 1s. 6d.

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Written Originally by the Learned Author

by the Author

LONDON

Printed for Bernard Lintot at the

Temple Gate in Fleet Street

Price 1s 6d

TO CLATTON MILBOURN, Esq;

Presents of this Nature are generally made in Expectation of future Favours, but this applies to You out of Gratitude for what are past; and as I am satisfied I fall far short of those Qualifications necessary to make a Poet, and Deficient in the Choice of Expressions, so I cannot but be assur'd the Choice of a Patron will make Attonement for any Imperfection of that Nature: Not but an abler Pen wou'd have been more suitable to a Gentleman of Your Excellent Character, tho' I dare stand in Competition with the best for a true Sense of those Infinite Obligations You have laid upon me, and the Friendly Offices You have signaliz'd Your self in obliging all, who have had the good Fortune to be Honour'd with

Your Acquaintance: Yet I shou'd do a Violence to my self, and stand inexcus'd to the rest of the World, if I did not venture Your Displeasure, by making those Acts of Goodness, known, which You are so Industrious to Conceal; nor shou'd I Presume to prefix Your Name to this Trifle, did it not give me an opportunity of Publishing my Gratitude. Give me leave, Sir, to Congratulate You on Your late happy Recovery, as pleasing to all that are Blest with Your Acquaintance, as Your loss wou'd have been unspeakable. To say any thing for the Play, wou'd be to arrogate somewhat of Praise to my self, which I wou'd not willingly be thought guilty of: I shall therefore conclude, begging leave to subscribe my self,

*Your Most Devoted and Oblig'd
Humble Servant.*

JOHN CORY.

PROLOGUE

By *Mr. C. Johnson*: Design'd for *Mr. Verbruggen*, in the *Astrologer's* Habit.

OUR Author hath Created me to Day,
A Thief, and Conjuror, two Thriving Trades
(you'll say.

Lost Maidenheads, and Thimbles, I restore,
Help Wives to Husbands, Widows of Threescore
Their Youthful Bloom from me receive again,
Active, and Brisk as Virgins at Sixteen.

'Tis I the only great Arcanum have,
At once your Beauty, and your Youth to save;
Diseases, tho' Incurable, by me
Are Cur'd, my Patients from their Chains set free;
For what escapes my Medicinal Force,
That I subdue by Necromantick Powers:
All Questions I Resolve that you Desire,
And may from me with Modesty Inquire.

But since all here are Friends, I'll tell you now,
Some Tokens of my Art, and how I know,
When at first Sight-I do my Buble tell,
And e'er he speaks, his Business too reveal.

While

White Dirty Gloves, a Powder'd Furbelow,
Uncurl'd behind, denote a broken Beau ;
He seeks to know of some kind Star in vain,
(Now much Eclips'd) when he shall Shine again.

A Pale, Wan Countenance, Dejected Head,
And Languid Eyes, are Tokens of a Maid ;
Poor Soul she willingly alas wou'd find
But any Charitable Lover kind.

Yet Born under Malicious Virgo's Eye,
She must Unaided, and Unpittied die.

An Impudent, Ungentile, Awkard Grace,
Much Cochineal upon an Ugly Face,
Are signs of an unhappy, strowling Creature,
That is all Misery, and Sin by Nature ;

Born under Fiery Scorpio's Influence,
She bears her Native Serpent's Innocence.

Wives, Widows, Maids, Young Prentices, and Cits,
Rakes, Whores, Town-Ballies, Sharpers, Fools, and
(Wits;

To me in Shoals the Idle Bubbles come,
To know from Fate's great Minister, their Doom.

But hold, the Author bade me something say,
One Word in Vindication of his Play.

'Tis Publish'd at a Season of the Year,
When, without being much a Conjuror,
He hath some reason its Success to fear.

And he, like other Gypsies of the Town,
Tells you your Fortune, Ignorant of his own.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. Bradshaw.

WHAT Fate attends a poor Vacation Muse
Condemn'd to Labour, and that Labour lose!
All other Trades Events successful meet,
And Conquest Crowns our Armies, and our Fleet.
Proud Spain, and France, by Force Superiour arm'd,
Confess our Wise Consults at Home, our Strength Abroad.
None but the Poet in these Days declines,
Or Mourns the luckless Hit of his Designs;
Other's Successes keep the Wretch Alive,
Who lost to Fortune, Joys to see them Thrive.

In Summer Heats to Country Shades ye went,
And now forsake us tho' that Season's spent;
The Wells, the Bath, the Horse-Races, and Fair,
Have quite undone the Poet, and the Player:
Tho' both still Aim at what they can't attain,
And Hunt the Wild-Goose Chase of Wealth in vain.

We are the Ant's Reverse amidst our Toils,
And what the Winter gives, the Summer spoils:
One Season wastes what to'ther does produce,
And neither can suffice for both their use.

The Scenes we now are opening to your Sight,
Are well Intended, tho' not Manag'd right,
The Fable meant to Profit and Divert,
Tho' little Nature, yet will shew some Art,
And is agreeable, because 'tis short.

}
Dramatis

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Sir Credulous Mammon, Guardian to *Emilia*.

Old Mr. *Traffick*, a Merchant.

Young *Traffick*, his Son.

Lovemore, Nephew to *Sir Credulous*.

Trickwell, a Pretender to Astrology.

Cheatly,
Nickum, } *Sharpers*, his Confederates.

Sly,
Crafty, }
Roger, } *Servants to Sir Credulous*.

W O M E N.

Carolina, Daughter to *Traffick*.

Emilia, left to the Guardianship of *Sir Credulous*.

Martina, Servant to *Carolina*.

THE

**THE
METAMORPHOSIS:**

**OR THE
Old Lover Out-witted.**

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Trickwell, to him Cheatly.

Cheatly. **H**OW now *Tom Trickwell*, what, I hear
thou art turn'd Conjuror?

Trick. Any thing to get an honest
Livelihood.

Cheat. An honest Livelihood, that to me that
know thee!

Trick. Why not honest? I labour in my Voca-
tion, and toil hard to Eat; let others put a gloss
upon their Knaveries, and guild themselves o'er
with the specious Names of Lawyer, Merchant,
and Physician, in their Hearts they are as very
Rogues as thou or I.

B

Cheat.

The Metamorphosis : or,

Cheat. But how hast thou the Impudence to set up for an Astrologer, when, to my Knowledge, thou know'st nothing of the Matter?

Trick. Thou art a Novice, I perceive ; look abroad, and thou wilt find Quacks in all Professions thrive. ---- I know an Eminent Attorney (as Ignorant of Law as I am of Astrology) that by the help of Precedents, Impudence, and Acquaintance, has got a considerable Estate.

Cheat. Nay, I am intimately acquainted with a Gentleman they call Doctor, that makes a shift with one Receipt, to pick up Five Hundred Pounds a Year.

Trick. Why should'st thou wonder then at me? Why one half o'th' World Prey on t'other half, the Knaves grow fat with Fools.---- I'll tell thee, I have two Indefatigable Confederates that constantly bring Intelligence, so that with their help, a good Assurance, and a Jargon of Gibberish, I am (*tota notus in Urbe*), by the Name of the famous Doctor *Meteoroscopico Jargonistes Alcantara*.

Enter Sly.

Oh here comes *Sly* ! What News my trusty Scout?

Sly. What News ! Why we are made for ever Man, we'll quit this scandalous Trade of helping Serving-Maids to lost Spoons, Thimbles, and Nutmeg-Graters, and Purchase, Old Boy, Purchase.

Trick. Prithee Dear Rogue Impart, I long to hear.-----

Sly. Sir *Credulous Mammon*-----

Trick.

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Trick. Well, go on.

Sly. Is vastly Rich, a profound Admirer of Necromancy, and Astrology, and desperately in Love with a Girl of Sixteen.

Trick. Proceed.

Sly. He has heard of your Fame, and will be here immediately; step into the next Room, and I'll tell you all, and give you full Instructions how to receive him. [Ex.

SCENE Changes to the Street.

Enter Sir Credulous Mammon, and Crafty.

Sir Cred. Sirrah, none of your musty Morals; I tell thee I Love *Carolina*, I must and will have *Carolina*.

Craft. But Sir, consider the inequality; methinks your Nephew, Mr. *Lovemore*, were a fitter Match for her, alas a day Sir, she's but Sixteen, and you are Sixty.

Sir Cred. You're a Fool, I'm young, her Beauty has melted all the Snow Time had driven down upon my Head.

Craft. Indeed Sir you're too Old.

Sir Cred. I must confess, in Years about Threescore, but in tough strength of Body, some four and twenty, two Months, or thereabouts. Love of *Carolina*, more Powerful than *Medea's* Drugs, has restor'd me to my Primitive Vigour; methinks my wither'd Nerves grow Plump, and Strong, and long for Action; hence thou poor Prop of Gouts, and Age, away, I need thee not, I'm Strong and Young again.

[Throws his Staff away.

The Metamorphosis : or,

Craf. Ah Sir, Your Love is like strong Wine to a Sick Man; it makes you brisk and active for a Moment, but soon the Fit returns.

Sir Cred. Away with your Similies Sirrah, — Here, carry this Letter to Mr. *Traffick*, *Carolina's* Brother, 'tis to know of him whether he'll make good his Father's Contract, and let me have his Sister; lest he refuse, I'll to the famous Doctor *Alcantara*, to advise with him the means to gain her.

[Exit Crafty.]

'Tis good to have two Strings to one's Bow, if *Traffick* fails me, the Doctor's a sure Card. I think this is the House.

[Knocks loud.]

[Nickum comes.] A good Ascendant blefs me! Are you mad, Sir?

Sir Cred. Why Mad Friend? Is not this the Astrologer's Lodging?

Nick. His Lodging! No; 'tis the *Phrontisterion* of the Learn'd *Alcantara*.

Sir Cred. Good Sir be Patient; if I damage the Door, I'm able enough to put a better in its place.

Nick. How Sir! All your Land sold at a Hundred Years Purchase cannot repair the Damage of one poor Rap; how unpardonable must it be then to Thunder at the *Phrontisterion* of the great *Alcantara*?

Sir Cred. Why Man, what harm?

Nick. Why Sir, you must know, my Master's Pregnant Brain now labouring with Mysteries of Metaphysicks, and Astrology, grows to an Embryo of rare Contemplation, which in full time brought forth, by far excels the Armed Fruit of *Vulcan's* Midwifry, that leap'd from *Jove's* Almighty *Pericranium*.

Sir

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Sir Cred. What of all this?

Nick. Thus one of your loud Thunders might cause an Abortion of those Noble Thoughts, that might have prov'd an Instrument of Wonders, greater by far than *Apollonius* the Magician Wrought.

Sir Cred. Are you your Master's Countryman, Friend?

Nick. Yes, Why d'ye Ask?

Sir Cred. Then I shall need an Interpreter for your Language.

Nick. Oh Sir, you need not, for with a Wind Instrument my Master has, in five Days you may speak ten Languages as perfect as himself.

Sir Cred. When may I speak with him?

Nick. When it pleases the Stars; for my Master, Sir, pares not a Nail, eradicates not a Hair, nor wags a Finger without due Figuring the Horoscope. Pray Sir, walk in, I see the Stars incline to his Approach.

[Exit.]

SCENE Changes to the *Astrologer's House*,
A Table with a Globe, and several Mathe-
matical Instruments on it.

Enter Nickum, and Sir Credulous again.

Nick. Please you Sir, to Repose your self.

[Gives him a Chair.]

Sir Cred. What's this, I pray you? [Takes up
an Instrument.]

Nick. A Portable Barometer, it shews you the Vicissitudes of Wind and Weather, in one part of the World as well as the other.

Sir

The Metamorphosis: or,

Sir Cred. Oh Sir! I carry a Barometer in my Bones for that; before it Rains I have it in my Shoulders; against windy Weather it flies to my Head; before extream Frost and Snow, it descends into my Shin-bones. And what is this? [Takes up another Instrument.

Nick. A Star-Trap, an Engine to catch Stars.

Sir Cred. Sir!— And this? [Takes up another Instrument.

Nick. A Mace to Arrest such Planets as have Lurk'd four Thousand Years under the Protection of *Jupiter*, and *Sol*.

Sir Cred. Pray, Sir, speak *English*, that I may understand you; for till your Master helps me to that Wind Instrument I can speak but one Language.

Nick. Sir, 'tis an *Astrascope*, the best in *Europe*; with this I'll Read the smallest *Geneva* Print at twelve Miles distance, as plainly as you can see *Paul's* from *Hampstead*.

Sir Cred. Prodigious Instrument!

Nick. 'Twill draw the Moon so near, you'd swear the Bush of Thorns in't prick'd your Eyes. The Chrystal of a large Arch multiplies Millions, works more than by Point-blank, and by Refractions Optick, and strange Searches like the Eye of Truth--Have at *Poland*; I see the Cardinal Primate, and all the Diet Assembled, they are in a mighty Dilemma which Side to take, the Old King's, or the New, but they, like the rest of the World, being naturally fond of any thing that's new, stick to the latter. Now for *France*; I see the *French* King and Madam *Maintenon* concerting Measures for the next Campaign. Now for the Sea; I see the Count

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de Thoulouze, and two other Capital Ships hotly Engag'd with Sir George Rook. Now I see nothing but Fire and Smoke; and now I see the French Admiral so Shatter'd, he's forc'd to be Tow'd off by the Gallies. Now I see the Elector of *Bavaria* in a very melancholly Posture, repenting of his late Treachery. — Now for *Muscovy*, I plainly see the Czar, and his Favourite, Prince *Alexander*, in their Waistcoats and Drawers, hard at Work with the Shipwrights.

Sir Cred. O strange! Pray let me see.

Nick. You can't see so far, Sir; for this Glass was made for Eyes of Thirty, you are nigh Threescore, but by help of a Refractive Glass I have, you may see forty or fifty Miles. For Tryal, Sir, — What see you?

Sir Cred. A spacious Room full of Lights, but nothing truly, but what I can as well see by the help of Spectacles.

Nick. Oh, Sir, try again.

Sir Cred. A Place like an Astrologer's House, full of Globes, Telescopes, Quadrants, and so forth.

Nick. Oh Sir, 'tis the Error of your Eyes. — Now I not only see, but hear things Five Hundred Miles distance, by help of this *Otocauticon*. [Puts on a

Cap with long Ears.

Sir Cred. Pray, Sir, let me see your *Cauticon*.

Nick. 'Twill be of no use to you as it is, you are too Old.

Sir Cred. Well then do you inform me what you hear at that distance?

Nick.

The Metamorphosis : or,

Nick. Two Learn'd Vertuoso's in a hot Debate whether a Flea has Wings, or a Louse Brains.

Sir Cred. A Learned Argument to prove themselves to have none. Pray Sir, favour me with your *Causticon* but a Moment.

Nick. I'll fix on the *Epiglottis*, and you may hear with it. *[Pretends to alter it, then puts it on Sir Credulous.]*

Sir Cred. Pray, Sir, do, 'twill be a lasting Obligation.

Nick. What hear you?

Sir Cred. Nothing.

Nick. That's strange. — Pray, Sir, fix your Hands thus, and your Head thus, that the Vertex of the Organ may Perpendicularly point out our *Zenith*.—What hear you now? Ha, ha, ha, ha, *[Laughs.]*

Sir Cred. A humming noise of Laughter.

Nick. That comes from the Playhouse in *Drury-Lane*; they are now Laughing at an Old Gentleman in a Comedy that's in Love with a Girl; he's compar'd to a Leek with a white Head, and a green Tail. What hear you now?

Sir Cred. A Squawl somewhat like Singing.

Nick. That's an *Italian* Singer, mightily in Vogue at a Confort in *York-Buildings*. — Stay, Sir, I'll change the *Epiglottis*, and you may hear things at a greater distance. *[Takes off the Cap, pretends to alter it, then puts it on again.]*

What hear you now? *[Drums and Trumpets.]*

Sir Cred. A noise of Drums and Trumpets.

Nick. The Confederate Army drawn out to Storm *Landau*. I see 'em as plainly as you hear 'em.

Sir

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Sir Cred. Pray Sir, some News from *Portugal*.

Nick. Oh Sir, I see a general Joy in every Face, the *Portuguese*, aided by the *English* and *Dutch*, unanimously resolve to fix the Rightful Monarch on the *Spanish* Throne.

Sir Cred. Excellent News truly, I'm glad to hear it with all my Heart: Pray, Sir, the Price of your *Cauticon*, and *Astrascop*.

Nick. I'll prepare you such as best besit your Years, you are too Old for these. — I must have somewhat down to defray the Prime Expence.

Sir Cred. Here are Ten Guineas Earnest, get 'em Finish'd as soon as you can, and you shall have your Price. — I'll see, and hear what's done beyond Sea every Morning; At Noon go to *Jonathan's*, or *Garraway's*, ruin all Merchants, Stock-jobbers, Brokers, and others that lay Wagers. [*Aside.*]

Enter Crafty.

Craf. Sir, I have delivered Mr. *Traffick* your Letter, and his Answer. —

Sir Cred. Let *Traffick* and his Answers be buried in the Sea together. See here *Crafty*, here are *Gorgonian* Instruments, to turn thee into Stone.

Craft. Shew me where, good Sir, that I may look another Way.

Sir Cred. Here are two Instruments will undo all Intelligencers. Codso, I believe the King of *France* hath manag'd his Affairs all this while by the Help of these Fellows. [*Aside.*] Pray Sir, let my Man see what's doing in *France*, now his Eyes are just of your Age?

Nick. What Sir, are you Mad! have you your Senses!

ses ! Trust such Secrets to a Servant, as would undo a Nation ! Are these Misteries to be reveal'd to Slaves ? Sir, be advised or you shall learn no more of our unknown Philosophy.

Sir Cred. Enough, Enough, learned Sir, I stand Corrected. Well what News from *Traffick* ?

Craft. Why Sir, he swears he won't Bed his Sister to Winter, Frost and Snow, Sir.

Sir Cred. I tell thee, I will not be beholding to him for her, but the Stars ; by their benign Influence, and the worthy Doctors kind Assistance I will enjoy her.——Well Sir, is the Doctor ready ?

Nick. One Minute brings him.

Sir Cred. Strange, these Astrologers!-----

Craft. What Astrologers ?-----

Sir Cred. The *Millan* Almanack Makers an As to him, *Artemidorus*, and *Erra Pater* meer Ideots--- Pray Sir, his Name ?

Nick. *Meteoroscopico Jargonistes Alcantara.*

Craft. His Name's enough to raise the Devil without the help of Circles.

Nick. Sir, he is here.

Enter Trickwell and Sly.

Trick. I tell thee those Stars, I lately discover'd between the Head of *Aries*, betoken Sir *Credulous*'s instant Marriage, I therefore Name 'em *Sydera Credulosa*.

Sir Cred. My Marriage *Crafty* ! Did'st hear that ? Oh wonderful *Metropico* !

Craft. Yes Sir, a Present from the Head of *Aries*.

Trick. The Almanack I calculated for the Meridian of *Bengall*, present to the *East-India* Company,

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IN

ny, 'twill be of Use--- My 'Larum that runs
Twelve Hours 'fore Mahomet's return, deliver to
a Turkey Factor a present to the Port.

Sly. I will Sir.

Trick. As for the Issue of the next Campaign,
keep't to thy Self, begone---- Sir Credulous your
pardon; exotick Dispatches of vast Consequence
detain'd me; I was casting the Nativity of Prince
Ragotzi and the Elector of Bavaria--- Your wel-
come in a good Hour, better Minute, best Second,
happiest Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Scruple---
May the Twelve Houses be your Friends.

Sir Cred. Sir, not to interrupt your Business with
the Stars, I would beg your Assistance in a Terrestri-
al Affair.

Trick. The Epicycles of the Diurnal are false, or
this is your Business: you had a Neighbour, Traffick's
his Name: he dealt in Merchandize, his Daughter
Carolina 'tis you love, and he as much admir'd your
Kinswoman the fair Emilia.

Sir Cred. Strange! Is not this strange Crafty?

Trick. There was to be a Countermatch, is't
not so?

Sir Cred. Most true:

Trick. This Traffick went to the Indies about two
Years since to settle his Affairs before he married,
and is not yet return'd---Now you would know
whether he lives---I'll tell you instantly.

Sir Cred. Crafty, go wait without: 'tis not fit for
Servants to pry into these Misteries. [Exit Crafty.
Good Sir, what is't you stare at?

Trick. I wander 'twixt the Poles, 'mongst Excen-
tricals, Centers, Concentricks, Circles and Epicycles,
to find a Planet out dispos'd to serve you.

Sir Cred. Well Sir, and how--- proceed.

Trick. When *Sol* last enter'd *Cancer*, *Traffick* dy'd
—for *Radius directorius* in the Sixth House, and
the waning Moon by *Capricorn*—he is dead,
dead Sir.

Sir Cred. Pray how dy'd he, of what Distemper?

Trick. I find *Luna* passing from *Capricorn*, through
Pisces to the watry Sign *Aquarius*—he is drown'd,
Sir.

Sir Cred. Shall I beg one Favour of you?

Trick. I'll tell you what you'd ask.

Sir Cred. Prodigious Artist!

Trick. You would know now he is dead, how you
may have his Daughter.

Sir Cred. Learned Sir, that is my meaning.

Trick. You may have her, but with Difficulty;
for I must raise his Ghost to oblige him to his Word
—But 'twill be very Difficult, and chargeable:
for those airy Spirits *Jupiter* and *Sol*, are fantasti-
cal and proud.

Sir Cred. I'll spare no Cost.

Trick. Besides his Body being devour'd by a
thousand several Fishes, it asks no common Labour
to reunite those wandring Particles, and cloath them
with flesh again. For a *deprivatione, ad habitum non*
datur regressus.

Sir Cred. Oblige me Sir, in this, and command
my Purse.

Trick. Sir, I have thought of a Way—it shall
cost you little or nothing—we have an Art call'd
Prestigiatory that deals with Spirits, and Intelligences
of meaner Quality; think of some Friend or Servant
of his Size, him will I so transmute in Shape and
Speech, Action, Behaviour, that all the World
shall Swear, your Neighbour *Traffick* Lives.

Sir

Sir Cred. My Servant *Roger* must be the Man, — Pray, Sir, about it Instantly.

Trick. Now we must consider of some Room, fit for the Operation: It must be a low Room, that stands full *East*, near some by-Alley, with large Sash-Windows; for *Zoroastes*, *Brachman*, *Thespion*, *Gymnosophist*, *Gebur*, and *Budda Babylonicus*, with all the subtle *Cabalists* and *Chaldees* agree the Disposition must be thus.

Sir Cred. I have just such a Room in my House as you describe.

Trick. Oh Lucky Chance! — Did not I tell you the Planets were well Inclined? — Let that Room be well Wash'd, Perfum'd, Rubb'd, and Hung round with the richest Tapestries, and in the midst, a Table adorn'd with all manner of Plate, Cups, Candlesticks, Salvers, and Tumblers; 'twere not amiss to mix some Bowls of Gold, for they resemble *Sol*, and *Luna*.

Sir Cred. I doubt I have not Tapestries enough.

Trick. Borrow, borrow, — there must be Diamonds too, Diamonds for *Jupiter*; for 'tis by the Sparkling Virgin Lustre of these Stones we allure the Intelligences.

Sir Cred. Well, what I have not by me, I will borrow, and take care to Entertain these Spirits according to their Qualities.

Trick. One thing I had forgot *Sir Credulous*, no Man must know of this, but the Person alone who is to be Transform'd; for should you reveal the Secrets of the Stars, what might be the dismal Consequence, is indeed, beyond my Art to Fathom.

Sir Cred. Well, Doctor, I'll observe your Directions in every thing, and in two Hours time
all

all things shall be ready for this wond'rous Transformation : There shall be a Purse of a Hundred Pieces ready to kiss your Hand ; till then I am your most Humble Servant. [*Going.*

Trick. Sir *Credulous*, if you'll stay a Moment, I'll give you a Taste of my Art.

A S O N G Set by Mr. Eccles, and Sung by
Mr. Cook. [*A Dance.*]

1.
HA I L Powers beneath ! Whose Influence imparts,
The Knowledge of Infernal Arts ;
By whose un-erring Gifts we move,
To alter the Decrees above :
Whether on Earth, or Seas, or Air,
The Mighty Miracle we dare,
Whether on Beasts our Skill is shewn,
Or Humane Forms, what's more than Humane Own.

2.
'Twas yours that fam'd Medea could
Inspire Old Age with Youthful Blood ;
'Twas yours, the Bed-rid Parent was Transform'd,
And with new Vigour, and new Vitals warm'd :
As Æson, by his Daughter's Aid,
His Daughter's Off-spring made ;
Rose by her Charms all Beauteous to the View,
And own'd his Birth to his own Off-spring due.

3.
Henbane, and Hemlock did the Charmer use,
Steep'd in Nocturnal Dews,
With Herbs that cover'd the Deceas'd Abodes,
The Blood of Vipers, Ravens, and of Toads ;
And I the same Ingredients chuse,
Oh let them not their Virtues lose ;

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*But the same Cause the same Effect precede,
While I attempt as bold a Deed,
Invoke your Help, and your Assistance crave,
To shape into a Gentleman, a Slave.*

Sir Cred. Sir, you have amaz'd me with the Wonders of your Art.; once more I kiss your Hands.
[Exit Sir Cred.]

Manent Trickwell, Sly, and Nickum.

Sly. With what Ease the old Trout was tickl'd!

Nick. How greedily he swallow'd the Bait!

Trick. And did not I Cant it rarely, Boys, ha!

Sly. Thou art the Prince of Cheats.

Trick. How strangely this World is alter'd! Of Old, Good Morrow Thief, as kindly was receiv'd, as now, Your Honour. The *Spartans* and the *Arabians* held it Lawful; so grew *Arabia* happy, *Sparta* Valiant.

Sly. Read on this Lecture, most Learned Doctor.

Trick. Most Trades, and Callings, much participate of ours; their End's the same, they only differ in the means to obtain it; the Learned excepted, and therefore they are Poor.

Sly. And yet they Steal; this Poet is that Poet's Plagiary, and he a third's, till they end all in *Homer*.

Trick. And *Homer* filch'd all from an *Egyptian* Priestess. The World's a Theatre of Theft; great Rivers rob small Brooks, and them the Ocean, till they Reciprocally play the Thief with one another, and turn Circular in Deceit.

*Designs just form'd from past Designs take Rise,
And nothing's new in Virtue, or in Vice;*

Ex.

The Metamorphosis: or,

*Examples always have for Patterns stood,
And Men, of Consequence, been Bad or Good;
Then let us still our Father's Steps pursue,
Since Plots may have Success that are not New,
And nothing can obstruct our wish'd-for Joys,
Where the Fool knows not that the Knave Deceys.*

The End of the First ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Roger, Solus.

Roger. **H**E that says I'm not in Love, Lies; for I'm very Idle, very Spruce, very Valiant, and very Witty, full of Poetry, and scraps of Plays, — for I have often been at the Play-house with my Young Master, — I am exceedingly thoughtful too, nor do I know for what, a shrewd sign of Love.

Enter Sir Credulous.

Sir Cred. Oh Roger, I have Business for thee, such Business——

Rog. Suppose my Mistress stood there, thus wou'd I accost her; O my Martina, O my angry Dear, turn thy Eyes on me, I wou'd talk to them.

Sir Cred. Why, what's the Fellow Mad!

Rog. Nor shalt thou break Heart yet, nor shall she know,
My inward Torment by my outward Show. Sir

Sir *Cred.* Sirrah I'll break your Head, — in Raptures? — I'll make bold to disturb your Contemplations. [*Strikes him.*] Very well Sir, have I wa'l'd you?

Rog. Hey!! — Sir, your most Humble Servant.

Sir Cred. 'Tis well I have need of thee, I should give way to *Raffick*, and beat thee most unmercifully; but I'll endeavour to compose my self. *Rog.* I have Business of Consequence to impart to thee, wilt serve me?

Rog. Sir, I'll Serve, Conserve, Deserve, Preserve, Reserve, do any thing, you Command, Sir?

Sir Cred. You must be Transform'd, *Rog.*, that is, chang'd from what you now are, into another Shape, by the wonderful Art of an Astrologer: I will Reward thee Bountifully, Fifty Pound when 'tis done, and here is somewhat Earnest.

Rog. Chang'd say you? — Pray what Shape am I to take? I would not willingly part with honest *Rog.* for any thing worse.

Sir Cred. You're to take a Gentleman's Shape: In short, 'tis my Neighbour *Traffick*, whose Form you're to bear, you are to Personate him by the help of this Necromantick Doctor, and give my Dear *Carolina* to me in Marriage, for whom, thou know'st, I Die.

Rog. Here's a knotty Point of Law to be decided, when I am Chang'd, who is to have the Fifty Pound, *Rog.*, or *Traffick*?

Sir Cred. The Charm continues but a Day, to Morrow thou wilt be thy self again.

Rog. 'Tis a weighty Concern, Pray, Sir, let me think, — before I leave you *Rog.*, be advis'd, my Mistress *Martina* is *Carolina*'s Maid, and I in that Shape may Possess her, but when I become
D *Traffick*,

Traffick, then *Traffick* Enjoys her, not I *Roger*; a pretty sort of a Trick to make my self a Cuckold,—No, no, Sir, take your Money again, ~~—~~ hold, hold, not so hasty, good *Roger*. — If I be *Traffick*, I shall have his Estate, and be a Gentleman; a Pox of brass Buttons, Liveries, Flambeaux, and How-de'y's. I'll do't, Sir.

Sir Cred. Art resolv'd?

Rog. Resolv'd, 'tis done Sir, upon condition, after I have given your Worship my Daughter *Carolina*, you shall then move my Worship, and much entreat my Worship to bestow my Daughter's Maid *Martina* upon my self, I shou'd say, *Roger*.

Sir Cred. Come then to the *Astrologer's*, Dear *Roger*, and be Transform'd.

Rog. Sir, I'll Transform, Reform, Conform, Deform, Inform, any Form to do you Service.)

Enter Trickwell.

Sir Cred. Welcome Doctor, I have view'd the Chamber, and I find it fit.

Trick. You have provided all things as I order'd; mean while I'll find out with *Astralobe*, and *Meteoroscope*, what Planet Reigns in *Cazimi*. Is this the Person to be Chang'd?

Sir Cred. Yes, Sir, An honest Fellow, and my Servant.

Trick. A promising Aspect, and a Figure fit to Carve a Gentleman out of, his Looks seem apt to change, a perfect Camelion.

Rog. Doctor, I have a Vein of Drinking, and an Artery of Letchery runs thro' my Body, when you turn

turn me Gentleman, I pray Preserve these two, if it may be done with Reputation.

Trick. I'll not only Preserve 'em, but take care to Improve 'em, suitable to your Quality.

Rog. And when you come to my Heart, take care you deface not *Martina's* Image there, and preserve a little Discretion too in my Brain, enough for a Gentleman.

Trick. Make haste, and prepare all things in order, but take this Caution with you, avoid a Looking-Glass as you would your Fate, for that, with Counter-Magick, will unravel all the Work, *Almuten*, and *Alchocoden* of the Stars attend you.

Sir Cred. Away Roger, haste to obey the Doctor's Commands. I'll consult with my Man Crafty, who may assist in this Affair. *[Aside.]*

Rog. I go as fast as *Mutiny* and *Chocode* will give me Leave. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Crafty.

Craf. This Master of mine is resolv'd to compass his Ends, cost what it will, but I can't Imagine how he comes to make use of such ridiculous means: A Conjurer to get him a Mistress! Fie upon't, he has more occasion for one to put young Blood into him again; however, I must keep in with him, and seem to comply with his Intentions, that I may be the better enabled to serve my Young Master, his Nephew; but here he comes, now for Recital of his Enchanted Adventures.

Enter Sir Credulous.

Sir Cred. The Business is done *Crafty*, we have struck a Bargain.

Craf. What Business! Sir, Pray Excuse me, if I'm in the Dark, and to seek for your Meaning.

Sir Cred. You fool, why what Business should Lovers have, but what concerns the Enjoyment of those Objects they admire? Have I not told thee my Designs of Marrying *Carolina*?

Craf. But her Brother is averse to the Match, and the Message I brought from him this Morning, I should think sufficient to alter your Sentiments.

Sir Cred. No matter for her Brother, as long as the great *Alcantara* has given me his Word she shall be mine: Away this Minute to my Neighbour, Alderman *Sterling* the Goldsmith, and borrow a Set of Plate of him, then go to Mr. *Brillant*, the Jeweller, and tell him the Loan of some of his choicest Diamonds will be of particular Service to me.

Craf. Why, Sir, you wou'd not put upon your Mistress at this rate, and make the Crow in the Fable of her, that was deck'd with borrow'd Plumes.

Sir Cred. You mistake me altogether; these Ornaments are not intended for her use, but my own, the great *Alcantara* cannot bring about my Designs without the help of such Moveables; for, you must know, your Fellow-Servant, *Roger*, is to be made a Gentleman, and Transform'd into Old *Traffick*, that was Drown'd at Sea!

Craf. Sir, you are too easie to give Faith to every Pretender, and 'twere to be wish'd you had as little Opinion of Astrologers as they have of one another, since all that they know, is, that they know nothing.

Sir Cred. It's next to Blasphemy to think, or speak Ill of the Great *Alcantara*. ——— I wish he has not heard thee by the help of his Auditory Instruments

The Old Lover Out-witted. 21

ments; if he has, woe be to thee. It's your Business to obey my Commands: When Roger is chang'd into Traffick, this Master of yours, Body o' me, shall be Meramorphos'd into the fair *Caralina's* Husband. In short, the Astrologer has undertaken it, and he's to take Possession of Traffick's House, as if he was the real Owner of it; and so, Crafty, I shall out-wit the Young Gentleman that deny'd me his Sister; Therefore, make the best Speed you can; I am going to the Coach-makers in *Chandois-Street* to bespeak a new Chariot for my Bride.

Craf. I Fly, Sir.

SCENE *Changes to Traffick's House.*

Enter Lovemore, Young Traffick, Carolina, and Emilia.

Love. 'Tis strange that my Old Uncle shou'd be so Whimsical, as to give Credit to this pretended Transformation.

Young Traf. A strong Desire he has to Enjoy my Sister begets this foolish Fancy, which, like an idle Dream, makes false Appearances lively as Truth it self. But who is the Man that works these Miracles?

Love. An Astrologer.

Y. Traf. What has Astrology to do with Transmutation?

Love. Under the Veil, and Colour of Astrology, my Uncle thinks he Clouds his Skill in Necromancy.

Y. Traf. Let me alone to provide for my pretended Father's Reception. This Fellow shall

shall be really Wash'd, that Counterfeits a Miraculous Escape from Shipwrack. Ladies, I hope you'll join in the Welcome that is to be given him, especially you, *Emilia*, that are to have such a Father-in-Law as this Impudent Serving-Man.

Emil. You have no reason to doubt my Concurrency, as we are mutually engag'd in one anothers Affections, so I cannot blush to concert Measures pursuant to those Engagements, tho' I lose the good Opinion of a Doating Uncle, to keep that of an Honourable Lover.

Love. And what say you to this, my Fairest *Carolina*? Our Hearts have been already join'd, and nothing's wanting but the Priest, to do the same by our Hands. Not but I have a Reverential Dread of my Old Uncle's Anger, whose Indulgence has made me what I am: But I shou'd envy any Wither'd Hand, to crop the budding Roses that shoot up for Youth to gather.

Car. To say that I consent not's an Untruth wou'd justly make me Blush, far more than my Compliance; therefore rest assur'd, since I have thought you worthy my Esteem, nay, what exceeds Esteem, my Virgin Love; tho' your Old Uncle should attain his Ends in this his Servant's Transformation; nay more, tho' my poor Shipwrack'd Father were actually Ransom'd from the Deep, and brought to Life again, (which is impossible) I wou'd be only yours.

T. Truf. Ladies, my Friend and I suspect not your Fidelity, since Vows, and all the strongest Ties that bind, and can oblige, have been so often made between us. All we have to do, is to act Counter to what's now design'd against us, and make such Stratagems to thwart the Foes Intentions, as may accomplish what we have Projected.

Old

*Old Men may feed themselves with Airy Dreams,
And Meditate, and Plot to lay down Schemes;
But nothing can be to Perfection brought,
If Youth possesses not what Age has sought.*

[Exeunt Omnes.]

Enter Sir Credulous, and Crafty.

Sir Cred. I see the Goldsmith, and Jeweller, have answer'd my Expectations, but I have no Heart to give this Astrologer the Reward I promis'd him.

Craf. Deliver it me, and I'll give it him in your Name.

Sir Cred. Thou mistak'st me, I cannot perswade my self, for the Soul of me, to part with so large a Sum, — a Hundred Pound! What a Mass wou'd that, well husbanded, amount to in time!

Craf. I must confess I was surpriz'd to hear you offer'd him so much.

Sir Cred. I was a Fool, I was too hot and forward in the Business. Can'st not thou contrive a way to save my Money, and not lose my Mistress?

Craf. I have a Trick now hatching in my Brain.

Sir Cred. What is't, good *Craft*, what is't?

Craf. As soon as the Doctor comes transported with the News of *Roger's* Transformation, I'll keep him in talk, while you slip cunningly below, and convey away a valuable piece of Plate, then cry out aloud, that all the Street may hear you, Thieves, Thieves, Thieves. *[Aloud.]*

Sir Cred. Softly, softly, good *Crafty*, for if his *Cautiousness* be on, he has heard every Word thou hast said, and thy whole Project's spoil'd.

Craf.

Craf. Then threaten him with a Justice of Peace, but in the end, agree, that if he restores the Plate, you'll give him the Reward you promis'd.

Sir Cred. But if by his Instruments, or Familiars he should discover us?

Craf. Then lay the Fault on *Roger*. Be sure you cry loud enough.

Sir Cred. No more, no more, he comes.

Enter Trickwell.

Trick. *Sir Credulous*, three Quarters of an Hour renders your Servant perfectly Transform'd.

Craf. Is he not wholly Chang'd, what Parts are wanting? [*Winks on Sir Cred. who slips away.*]

Trick. *Traffick's* Shape hath cloath'd his Bulk, and Visage, only his Legs and Arms, so large and brawny, require more time to supple.

Craf. How long will this Metamorphosis continue?

Trick. The compleat Circle of a Natural Day.

Craf. A Natural Day! Are any Days Unnatural?

Trick. I mean the Revolution of the first Mover, just twice twelve Hours, in which short space of time, the hurried Orbs are rowl'd from East to Occident.

Enter Sir Credulous, crying out Thieves.

Sir Cred. Help, help, Thieves, Thieves, Thieves, I am Robb'd, Thieves, Thieves.

Craf. What's the matter, Sir?

Sir Cred. I am Robb'd, Ruin'd, Undone for ever, Thieves, Thieves; call Constable, Watch, Sergeants, Tipstuffs, Bailiffs, Friends, and Neighbours. I am Robb'd, Thieves, Thieves, *Trick.*

Trick. What will become of me now? [*Aside.*

Craft. Mighty well, Sir, strain a little higher if you can. What's all this Outcry for?

Sir Cred. Oh *Crafty*, my Chamber's stripp'd of all the Rich Hangings, Jewels, Plate, and Diamonds.

Craft. Admirably well Acted; go on, Sir.

Sir Cred. Thieves, Thieves, Thieves, Murther, Fire, will no body come to my Assistance? I have lost all that I have, and more than all, Thieves, Thieves.

[*In a hoarse Voice.*

Craft. Admirably well Sir; a little louder.

Sir Cred. I can cry no longer, I have bawl'd till my Throat's Sore. — I am Robb'd, all's gone, both my own Treasure, and what I borrow'd; do thou cry Fire, Murther, Thieves, any thing.

Craft. Good, good, very good, — Thieves, Thieves, Thieves; but what have you lost Sir?

Sir Cred. Rascal, Rogue, han't I told thee I have lost all my Silver and Gold, Plate, Jewels, Diamonds, and Rich Tapistry, not only my own, but what I borrow'd; all, all's gone.

Trick. and where shall I go? — Now *Trick* dependence, and Astrology befriend me. [*Aside.*

Craft. Fie, fie, Sir, you'll spoil all, now you over-act it, say but a Bowl or two.

Sir Cred. Villain, Dogbolt, Rogue, I say all's gone, Oh, Oh.

Craft. Are you in good Earnest, you Jest sure.

Sir Cred. This Fellow will Distract me, — Where's this Astrologer?

Trick. Ha, ha, ha, here Sir, and am ready to burst with Laughing, to see you fret your self for nothing. [*Laughs.*

Sir Cred. For nothing, — why, I am Robb'd of all I have, and you shall smart for't.

E

Trick.

Trick. You'll force me to be serious, Sir, — I wish 'twere in the Power of Art to check what Art has done, your Man shou'd ne'er be Chang'd. To wrong me in this barbarous manner ; what make a Thief, a Felon of me ! — Is this my Reward for all my Services ? — All your things are safe, and in your Servants keeping ; but you had best disturb him, and see whether it be so or not, he'll be worth your Sight, a meer Centaur, half Clown, half Gentleman.

Sir Cred. Sir, I ask ten Thousand Pardons, — I must confess, the bareness of the Room surpriz'd me.

Trick. Think you I'd be so careless, to leave so vast a Treasure so Expos'd, — No Sir, soon as the Transformation was Perform'd, I Lock'd up your Treasure, and left it to your Servant's Care. Fie, such a Noise as this but half an hour ago, had scar'd the Intelligences, and marr'd the Work ; but I excuse your Fear. — Don't disturb him yet this half hour, suffer his Arms and Legs to be enobled like his other Members. Go *Westward*, directly *Westward*. Fare you well. [Exit.

Sir Cred. *Westward*, good *Crafty*, let's go *Westward*. [Exeunt.

S C E N E *Changes.*

Enter Roger, Dress'd for Traffick.

Rog. This Tranformation pleases me wonderfully : My Master talks of four and twenty Hours, but if he finds me *Roger* again these four and twenty Years, I'll be bound to be flea'd alive like an Eel : 'Tis not their Astrology shall make me cast my Coat

Coat again ; I'll never part with't till I'm Sheriff of the County, and in Commission of Peace, and *Quorum*; then will I get me a Clerk, a good sensible Fellow, much wiser than my Worship; he shall do all the Business, and I'll have all the Credit, and the best half of the Fees.

Enter Trickwell, Sly, and Nickum.

Trick. Yonder he is, puff'd up with the thoughts of being a Gentleman, do you severally accost him, as I directed you. [*Trickwell and Nick. retire.*]

Rog. I find I am a Gentleman every Inch of me.--- Now do I want an Opportunity to shew my Breeding,--- as thus; I beg ten Thousand Pardons,--- Nay, upon my Soul Sir --- I am your Lordship's devoted humble Servant, --- as I am a Gentleman, upon my Honour, Sir, --- then will I strive for the Door, while a good Carpenter may make a new one. O rare Astrologer!

Sly. Just *Aesop's* Crow, made Proud with borrow'd Plumes. [*Aside.*]

Rog. O for a Surgeon now, to open this Arm, that I might view my gentile Blood, --- I perceive I am every way Transform'd, my Mind as well as Body: I find my Inclinations too Improv'd with the Reigning Vices of the present Age, --- Deal quickly, Play, --- This Party for a Hundred Pieces, --- Boy more Cards. --- Point, Quint, and Quators, up. O rare *Alcantara*.

Sly. How his Imagination boils, and works! [*Aside.*]

Rog. Hazard! Content, --- give me the Box. --- Who sets me fifty Pieces; --- more Money, Gentlemen. --- Seven's the Main; at all. --- Eleven, --- a Nick. --- O sweet *Alcantara*!

Sly. He'll grow Mad, I fear.

Rog. My black Stone-horse against Your Lordship's Grey Mare, four Heats for a Thousand Pound.——

How ! the Lie, nay then my Honour's concern'd.——
I demand Satisfaction. O brave *Alcantara* !

Sly. Mr. *Traffick*.

Rog. Now have I a great Mind to Challenge some brave Fellow, to Establish my Reputation, and then, for more security, get some Friend to make up the Matter in private.

Sly. My Dear Friend *Traffick*, welcome a Thousand times !

Rog. Sir, a Thousand Thanks, I kiss your Shoe-buckle, I'm yours, all over, from Top to Toe, Sir.

Sly. 'Twas generally Discours'd that you was Drown'd, by what Miracle did you 'scape ?

Rog. 'Twas very Miraculous, indeed Sir, —— for I was five Days under Water, but at last, peeping up, I espy'd a Chest, and got a top on't, Rowing with my Arms, and Steering with my Feet, and in five Days more got safe to Land ; 'twas a most Incredible Escape, that's the Truth on't.

Sly. There's no Man living can be more Transport-ed at this Deliverance than my self, —— do you remember, Sir, a considerable piece of Service once you did me, which I must ever gratefully acknowledge ?

Rog. My whole Delight's in doing Good, Sir, —— I don't remember the Particulars, pray inform me.

Sly. Not long before you went beyond Sea, I was Arrested for Ten Pounds, and cou'dn't put in Bail ; you passing by, generously lent me that Sum, and so discharg'd the Debt.

Rog. O yes, yes, I remember it as well as if it had been but Yesterday.

Sly.

Sly. I have been often at your House, gratefully to Repay it ; I am glad of this Opportunity to shew my Honesty, and Gratitude: Here it is, with Thanks, perhaps you may need it.

Rog. I do indeed, Sir, I have sustain'd great Losses by this Shipwrack. Is the Gold good, I remember mine was good?

Sly. And so is this ; I hope 'twill be in my Power to return the Obligation. Sir, your most Humble Servant. [Exit,

Rog. Sir, entirely yours—Ha, ha, ha,—I don't so much as know his Name, ha, ha, ha,—Two Years Wages got in two Minutes. This 'tis to be a Gentleman—Stay let me consider—I will go to this Conjuror, and have my *Martina* turn'd into a fine Lady, then will I keep my Coach and Six, three or four brawny Footmen, be call'd *Tom* by some Man of Quality, sell all my Land, pay no Debts, hurry my self into Tradesmen's Books, beat Constable, Watch and Bailiffs, then when all fail, like a Snake I'll cast my Skin, and be true *Rogen* again.

Enter Nickum.

Nick. Oh Mr. *Traffick*! You are welcome home, Sir.

Rog. I thank you heartily, Sir.—More Money I don't doubt.

Nick. I congratulate your safe return.—Sir, you may remember before you went to the *Indies* I lent you Twenty Pound.

Rog. by my troth, Sir, I remember no such thing, therefore pray excuse me—What may I call your Name?

Nick.

Nick. Alas Sir have you forgot me? I doubt these Misfortunes you suffer'd in your Voyage have hurt your Brain—— My Name is *Friendly* your Neighbour and Old Acquaintance.

Rog. What my Dear *Friendly*, is it you? I am glad to see you with all my Heart—— But you must Excuse me, 'twas not altogether Twenty Pound.

Nick. Upon my Word and Credit full Twenty Pound, the greatest part was Gold.

Rog. This Shipwrack has quite spoilt my Memory, upon my Honour I remember no such thing.

Nick. Here is a Note under your own Hand, in Presence of your good Friend, Mr. *Barter*.

Rog. Why Sir, 'tis very well known I can neither Write, nor Read.

Nick. How, Sir!

Rog. I had like to have forgot my self, [*Aside*] Cod-so, 'tis so, faith, I beg your Pardon with all my Heart; I find my Memory is quite lost;——'twas well you had a Note under my Hand, I should never have remember'd it else. —— I have sustain'd great Losses by the late Shipwrack; here are five Pieces for the present, come to my House a Day or two hence, and I'll pay you the Remainder.

Nick. Well, Sir, tho' my Occasions are pressing, I won't trouble you now, but will wait on you as you direct.—— Your Servant.—— I must think of a Stratagem to get the other five Pieces. [*Aside*]

[*Exit*]

Rog. I perceive we Gentlemen can Borrow sometimes as well as Lend, and are as loth to Pay as meaner Men, but I'll home, for fear of more Creditors.

The Old Lover Out-witted.

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As he is going, Enter Sly Disguis'd.

Sly. My Dearest Friend, a thousand Welcomes to you; how 'scap'd you Shipwreck, by what Miracle? 'Twas the general Rumour here, that you was Drown'd, which griev'd me to the Soul; you can't imagine the Sorrow I underwent, but am transported that you are safe return'd.

Rog. And I no less to see my Dear Friend well. I'm afraid I owe him Money too, how shall I get rid of him? *[Aside.*

Sly. Pray Sir, Inform me how you 'scap'd this Danger?

Rog. Why, faith Sir, 'twas very strange, that's the truth on't.

Sly. how strange, Pray Sir?

Rog. Why Sir, I'll tell you; I Floated upon the Sea about five or six Days, and was tost to and fro like a Shittlecock; at last, what comes Sailing by me but a Dutchman's Butter-Box; what do's me I, but whips into't, and immediately fell fast asleep, and when I wak'd the next Morning, I found I was Landed safe upon Dover Peer.—How's this, my Money gone? —Which way? —His Arms, and Hands embrac'd my Neck.

Sly. Mr. Traffick, I see you are disturb'd about Concerns of Moment; therefore I kiss your bounteous Hands, and humbly take my leave. *[Going.*

Rog. My bounteous Hands! — I gave him nothing, — this must be a Rogue. — Sir, Sir, a Word with you.

Sly. Your Commands, Sir.

Rog. Pray shew me your Hand.

Sly. There.

Rog. T'other.

Sly.

Sly. There.

Rog. But I mean your other Hand.

Sly. What do you take me for, the Giant with a hundred Hands?

Rog. Pray Sir, let me see your Right-hand?

Sly. Here.

Rog. Your Left?

Sly. Here.

Rog. Now both together?

Sly. You have both, my dear Friend, you have both. Get a dark Room, and some clean Straw, send for a Surgeon, and breath a Vein, you're Mad Sir, you're Mad. Ha, ha, ha.

Rog. How the Devil could he do this! I felt his Hands about my Neck, — he cou'dn't do it with his Mouth, for that was full of his Dear *Traffick*, — It must be with his Feet. — I'll make haste home, for fear of more Pick-pockets, and Creditors.

Sly. Ay, 'tis high time for you to take to your Heels.

*For when Legs, Hands, and Arms, Confederates prove,
'Tis fitting those they join against, should move;
United Powers must single Power defeat,
And with Success push on th' intended Cheat. [Exit.*

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Traffick, Solus.

Traf. Thus, by the Favour of Propitious Heaven, free from the merciless Rage of Stormy Billows, I am at last return'd to the calm Bosom of my Friends, and Country, the Memory of my past Misfortunes will give a double Relish to my future Joys.

Enter Crafty.

Craft. What's this I see! Roger Transform'd, and so Exactly, that were Traffick now alive, I should scarce distinguish the false one from the true. [*Aside.*

Traf. He's much surpriz'd, I see, at my Return.

Craft. O wond'rous power of Art! You that are Husbands now may justly fear, least this Astrologer Cloath your Wives Lovers in your Shapes, and serve you as Jupiter did *Amphytrion*: You that are Rich, in your own Forms may lose your Darling Gold. [*Aside.*

Traf. 'Tis Crafty, Servant to Sir Credulous Mammon.

Craft. He seems so exactly the Man he represents, that I dare hardly use him scurvily.

Traf. Crafty, well met; how does my good Friend, Sir Credulous?

Craft. His good Friend Sir Credulous!—How long have you two been so familiar, pray?

Traf. Hey, ——— what say'st thou?

Craft. I am heartily glad your Worship's safe return'd; all the Exchange gave you for lost, and all your Friends have mourn'd for you these two Months.

Traf. The Escape I had, was so Miraculous, that

I may truly say I am new Born, not sav'd.

Craf. With what a grave *Phiz* the Rogue speaks !
ha, ha, ha, *Traffick* himself cou'd not out do him.---
Not the least Smile. --- ha, ha, ha ; why you sad
Dog, who cou'd ever have thought thou could'st have
play'd thy Part so well !

Traf. How now ! --- Are Servants grown so
Saucy ! --- I don't like this Familiarity, --- use
your Companions thus.

Craf. Better and better, ha, ha, ha, --- Come,
come, *Roger*, this is no Secret to me, I know the
whole Plot, Man. --- Look how he bites his
Lips for fear of Laughing. Ha, ha, ha,

Traf. Why Laugh you Sirrah ?

Craf. To see thee alter'd so strangely, that I can't
see o ne Inch of *Roger* about thee. Ha, ha, ha !

Traf. Alter'd ! --- *Roger* ! --- What's the Fellow
Mad !

Craft. Is't possible this Blockhead should conceive
his Mind Transform'd as well as Body ; --- Well,
Roger, about thy Business straight to *Traffick's* House,
for thou art so well Chang'd they'll certainly re-
ceive thee.

Traf. Where should I hope for Welcome, if not
there ?

Craf. How gravely he keeps his Countenance ! ---
Ha, ha, ha. --- What do you think to put upon
me too ? --- Why *Roger*. ---

Traf. Rascal stand off, or I'll break your Head.

Craf. Good *Roger* don't be so Angry ; what, be-
cause you're a Gentleman, there's no speaking to
you. --- Why *Roger*, time was when we were
better acquainted.

Traf. *Roger* ! --- This Fellow will Distract
me !

[Walks up and down in a Passion.

Enter

Enter Sir Credulous Mammon.

Sir Cred. What's the matter, *Crafty*, what means this Noise?

Craf. Sir, Here's your Man *Roger* as exactly Transform'd as if he was melted down, and cast in Mr. *Traffick's* Mould.

Sir Cred. Nothing can be more like, — just his Look, his Walk, his Eyes, and Countenance; if his Voice be like, then is the Astrologer a Prodigy.

Traf. Oh, *Sir Credulous*! I'm as glad to see you well, as for my own Return. — How does your Kinswoman, the fair *Emilia*?

Sir Cred. Well, Sir, — but pray how 'scap'd you Shipwrack?

Traf. When first I Embark'd from Fort St. George, the Wind, and Weather seem'd to smile upon us; but not many Hours had past, when the Heavens, and Seas seem'd to conspire against us; the furious Tempest tore our Helm, and rent our Tackle, brought all our Masts by the Board, while the Merciless Waves stood up in watry Mountains to devour us; at last, our Vessel struck against a Rock, and in a Moment dash'd into a thousand Pieces; only my self, and two of the Mariners came safe to Shoar, where, by the barbarous *Indians* we were Surpriz'd, Fetter'd, and sold for Slaves.

Sir Cred. This Tale the Astrologer Penn'd. [*Aside*]

Traf. But by the Assistance of a Gentleman whom I had known before —

Sir Cred. Enough, enough, good *Roger*, this little Taste shews thou can'st Act the rest. I give thee Ten Pound more for this Story; thou look'st, and speak'st so like *Traffick*. —

Traf. Whom shou'd I Look, and Speak like but my self?

Craf. Good still!

Sir Cred. But now, honest *Roger*, give me an account of my Jewels, Plate, and Hangings, that the Astrologer, when he had Transform'd thee, committed to thy Charge; I hope they are safe?

Traf. I understand you not.

Sir Cred. Come, come, *Roger*, no more fooling, I'm serious now; are my Jewels, Plate, and Hangings that the Astrologer gave thee, safe?

Traf. What Plate! What Jewels! What Hangings! What Astrologer!

Sir Cred. Quit *Traffick* for a Moment, and speak like *Roger*.

Traf. What, are you all Distracted!—— I know not what you mean by the Astrologer, and *Roger*.

Craf. Very good, faith; he thinks Sir, because he's Transform'd for a Day, always to wear this Shape, and so cheat you of your Plate.

Sir Cred. Come, come, confess, confess where thou hast hid my Plate, or I will drag thee to the Astrologer's, and change thee to thy Ragged Form again.

Traf. To me this Usage.

Sir Cred. Come, I'll not lose my Plate.

Traf. What Plate!—— What Astrologer!—— This is meer Distraction. Why do I talk to Madmen?

Craf. Stay Sir, be advis'd; let him still fancy himself the Man he seems, and enter *Traffick's* House, then when your Business is effected, secure him till he has render'd back your Plate.

Sir Cred. Thou Councill'st well. Away.

[*Ex. Sir Cred. and Craf.*]

Traf. Thank Heaven they're gone; --- for with their Transformation, Astrologer, Plate, and Jewels, I'm almost as mad as they.

Ex.

SCENE

SCENE *Changes.*

Enter Trickwell, Nickum and Sly.

Trick. How ! not my single Share of this vast Prize, that have deserv'd it all ? Was not I the main Engine, the first Mover, that gave as 'twere a Being to your Thefts ? And shall I have nothing ?

Nick. No, not a Silver Spoon.

Sly. Not a Pepper Box, nor Sugar Caster.

Trick. Friends ; we have hitherto been true and faithful to each other ; break not that Sacred League by raising Civil Theft ; what Rob your careful Friend ; are you not asham'd ?

Sly. 'Tis our Profession, as yours Astrology : And in the Days of Old, good Morrow Thief as kindly was receiv'd as now your Honour, 'tis your own Instruction.

Nick. The Spartans held it Lawful, and the Arabians, so grew Arabia Happy, Sparta Valiant.

Sly. The World's a Theatre of Theft, great Rivers rob small Brooks, and them the Ocean.

Trick. Have I not train'd you up from petty Larcenies, and nurs'd you to full strength of safe and gainful Robberies ? By artful Rules and Principles in the Mysterious Trade of Burglaries, have I not made you Masters ? And do you thus reward my Pains and Care ?

Sly. We are your Scholars, true, and we have profited well, that you must own——— This is the only Trade we live by : But you that are so great a Proficient in Astrology, do something worthy of that noble Science, cast Figures, calculate Nativities, and make Almanacks for all Meridians.

Nick.

Nick. Sell *Astrascopes* and *Otacausticons* —
Turn Footmen into Gentlemen, Owls to Eagles,
Curs to Lap-Dogs, and Kitchin-Maids to Ladies,
ha, ha, ha.

Sly. Discover more new Stars, sell them by
Dozens, stile 'em by the Names of Fools that buy
such Ware; you'll Thrive no doubt. Ha, ha, ha.

Trick. Not keep your Word! —

Sly. Believe none, credit none, for in this right-
teous Town, no Dwellers are but Cheators and
Cheatees.

Trick. You promis'd me the largest Share. At
least pay me the Ten Pounds I lent you.

Nick. 'Twas lent in an ill Second, worser Third,
and cursed Fourth. 'Tis lost, noble Doctor, 'tis lost.

Sly. Mercury was Ascendant when you lent it,
'twill never be repaid.

Nick. For *Zoroastes*, *Brachman*, *Thespion*, *Gymno-
sophist*, *Gebar*, and *Budda Babylonicus*, and all the
subtle *Cabalists* and *Chaldees* agree, that unlucky
Aspect bodes loss of Debts.

Sly. Can't you invent an Engine whose strange
retractive Vertue may recover desperate Debts?

Trick. Was ever Man thus baited! Give me but
a small matter to Trade with?

Sly. 'Tis an ill Course of Life, therefore be Ad-
vis'd good Doctor, Reform; 'tis better Beg than
Steal, live in Rags, than Hang in Velvet.

Trick. This Treachery perswades me to turn
honest. [Aside.

Nick. Consult the Stars, and see if the *Fortunates*
and the *Luminaries* are favourable. — Be thank-
ful for your Life; if we had done wisely we had
cut your Throat Doctor. [Ex.

Trick. I'll straight to Sir *Credulous*, and discover
them,

them, and make good the Proverb. 'Tis true this is a Vertue of Necessity; But how many Men has this same Vertue sav'd from the Gallows, and brought into Reputation?

*Thus Thieves of all Conditions play their Parts,
And friendly do imploy their several Arts:
'Till Dividends by fraud unequal made,
Seperate the Members of the pilfering Trade:
And a revengeful Temper makes us do,
What Conscience could'nt prompt us to pursue.
Cheating without Repentance or Remorse,
But Cheated we turn Just and Good of Course.* [Exit.]

SCENE Changes.

Enter Traffick Solus.

Traf. A general Madness sure has seiz'd these People. Or has Shipwrack, Storms, and fear of Death so chang'd me, I am not to be known? — No, it must be Witchcraft, or Distraction. Yonder's my House: I hope this dire Contagion has not reach'd my Family. [Knocks.]

[Two Servants come to the Window.]

1st. Ser. Look here Tom, there's Roger, Sir Credul-Mammon's Footman, in our old Master's Shape.

2d. Ser. And as like him, as if he was spit out of his Mouth. Prithee let's abuse him as we were order'd.

1st. Ser. With all my Heart. — What saucy Fellow's that? What do you want, hah?

Traf. Open the Doors quickly, 'tis I.

2d. Ser. Who are you?

Traf. Is't possible I shou'd be so alter'd that you shou'd

shou'd not know me ? I am your Master.

1st. Ser. Ay, ay, we know your Business, we were told of you before ; our Master ! A very good Jest, I'faith, ha, ha, ha ! Why you saucy Rascal, have you the Impudence to call your self our Master ?

Traf. Is all the World grown Frantick ? I tell you I am your Master ; come down and know me.

2d. Ser. This Plot won't take *Roger*, you may go back to the Astrologer's, and be chang'd to your own Shape again.

Traf. 'Tis so, the Madness is Epidemical, and yet there's a Method in't : They all agree in the same Story, and talk of *Roger*, Transformation, and Astrologer. ——— What shall I do ? ——— Go quickly to my Children, tell 'em I am here ; I hope they'll know their Father.

1st. Ser. How rarely the Rogue Cants it ! Why *Sirrah*, we know very well our Old Master, Mr. *Traffick* is Dead, he was Drown'd at Sea.

Traf. Then Dead and Drown'd am I.

2d. Ser. I hate to talk to Dead Men.

1st. Ser. My Hairs stand an end, and my Flesh trembles, ——— Oh horrible ! How frightfully he looks !

Traf. Rogues, Villains, open the Door ; was ever Man thus Plagu'd with his own Slaves ?

2d. Ser. Fogh, how he stinks ! ——— I smell him hither.

Traf. Open the Door, or else ———

1st. Ser. Good Words *Roger*, y'had best.

Traf. I'll beat the Doors and Windows about your Ears.

1st. Ser. Are you so hot ? We'll cool your Courage.

[Throw Water.

Traf.

The Old Lover Outwitted.

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Traf. Impudent Villains! ——— I'll be reveng'd---

2d. Ser. Out Skipkennel; you had best march off whilst you are well, or we shall warm your Rumpship with a good Cudgel. [Exit Servants.]

Traf. Dangers at Sea are Trifles, compar'd to these Home Injuries. ——— Was ever Man unfortunate as I? At Sea I only lost my Goods, at Home my self.

——— I Enter *Roger.*

Rog. Now to Business, ——— I'll go to my own House; first give *Martina* to *Roger*, then try what can be done for my Master. Ah, that word Master sticks in my Stomach! [Knocks.]

Traf. There's one knocks boldly; I hope it is some Friend. Do you live here Sir?

Rog. Hey! ——— Thou art a very Ignorant Fellow, not to know me.

Traf. What may I call your Name?

Rog. My Name! Ha, ha, ha, ——— Where the Devil hast thou been bred? ——— Not know my Name! ——— Ha, ha, ha, ——— What Countryman are you, Friend? ——— Thou art a very Impudent, and a very Ignorant Fellow to ask such a Question. And you go to that Sir, Who are you, and what's your Name?

Traf. Good Sir, be not Angry.

Rog. Is it fitting, that I, a Man of Honour, and Reputation, shou'd stoop so low, as to satisfy the Demands of every Scoundrel. What art thou, ha!

Traf. The unfortunate Owner of this House.

Rog. Thou Ly't Pultroon, my Worship owns it.

Traf. Perhaps my Son has Sold it in my Absence, thinking me Dead! How long has it call'd you Master?

Rog. Ever since Mr. Traffick first bought it.

G

Traf.

Traf. Which *Traffick*?

Rog. Why, *Tom Traffick*, that was Drown'd.

Traf. I am that *Traffick* that was reported Drown'd.

Rog. I perceive thou art a very lying Fellow, for I am he; I miraculously escap'd by Swimming, and am now return'd to keep my Promise, by giving *Carolina* to Sir *Credulous Mammon*, and in Exchange take *Emilia* to my self.

Traf. All this I design'd before I went. — If you are that *Traffick*, then you and I are one.

Rog. How one with thee! Speak such another Word, and by the Terror of this Dead-doing Steel, that ne'er saw Light, but Devastation follow'd, thou Dy'st.

Traf. What shall I do? — Alas, my Body's great Decay with Age, and Travel, makes me unable to defend my self. I have no Remedy but Patience.

Rog. What art now, then?

Traf. Any thing, call me what you please Sir.

Rog. What Frenzy possess'd thee, to take upn thee my Name?

Traf. Excess of Wine Sir.

Rog. And when you are Drunk, Sirrah, can you find no body to put your Tricks upon but me? — Must my Name be a Cloak for your Knaveries?

Traf. But good Sir, if I be not I, who am I?

Rog. Get thee gone Fellow, thou art Drunk.

Traf. Strange Negligence, to lose my self. — Methinks I live, and move, and have my Senses. — Cou'd the Terrors of Death thus Transform me? Or was I Drown'd indeed, and by Transmigration my Soul's provided of another Dwelling?

Rog. What is't you mutter! — Look'e *Roger*, (I think 'tis but reasonable he should be *Roger* since I am

I am Traffick) either be gone, or Draw. ——— I'll do very fair with thee, *Roger*; I'll lay down *Traffick* between us, and let the best Man take it. ——— Here's a fine Rogue wou'd Rob me of my Good Name in the Queen's High-way. ——— Draw Sir, Draw.

Traf. These Injuries recall my Strength, better Die once than to be Tortur'd ever. ——— Come on them.

Rog. Hold Sir, hold, not so fierce, Old Gentleman, ——— Let me Examine you: Are you of noble Blood? Has none of your Family been Hang'd, or Bastinado'd, Bastards, or Cuckolds? Produce your Coat of Arms, and let me see if there be any Blots in your Escutcheon; for if there be, I Fight not upon equal Terms.

Traf. This is some Scoundrel. ——— Have at you.

Rog. I'll not Fight here, 'tis not safe; I have kill'd two Men already: I'll meet you on *Callais* Sand.

[Runs off.] Enter Young Traffick.

Y. Traf. Am I Awake, Alive; is't possible! Or do deceitful Dreams delude my Eyes? ——— 'Tis he! O Sir, keep me no longer in suspence, but let those pleasing Words, I am thy Father, revive my drooping Soul. [Kneels.]

O. *Traf.* Rise my Son; I am indeed thy Father, and 'tis no small addition to my Joy, that this dire Contagion has not seiz'd on thee; for since my Return, I have met with none but Madmen, that call me *Roger*, and talk of Transformation, and Astrologer. ——— Just now I met a Fellow that usurp'd my Name, and us'd me with the utmost Scurrility, which enrag'd me beyond the Bounds of Patience;

nay, my own Servants too not only disown'd, but us'd me most Reproachfully.

T. Traf. Pardon me Sir, 'twas Ignorance, not want of Duty, that caus'd me to wrong you: The Servants, Sir, are blameless, for what they did, was done by my Command.

O. Traf. How Son, by your Command!

T. Traf. Have but a Moment's Patience, and I'll unfold this Mystery. Before you went to the *Indies*, you promis'd *Carolina* to Sir *Credulous Mammon*; News of your Death arriving, the Old Gentleman solicits me to make good your Contract; but I consulting both my Sister's Inclination, and my own Reason, utterly refus'd him, whereat enrag'd, he Chafes, and Storms, and is resolv'd to have her. At last, finds out an Astrologer, who undertook to turn his Servant into your Shape, and so to take Possession of your House, and give him my Sister: He blinded with Love and Age, gives Credit to this Cheat; I being forewarn'd of his Design, (thinking you dead) gave order, if such an Impostor came, to use him scurvily.

O. Traf. Now I perceive the Cause they call'd me *Roger*, and talk'd of Transformation, and Astrologer, which almost made me Mad. 'Tis true, I promis'd him my Daughter, but have oft since repented it, and now much more, since he design'd to cheat me; he must not, shall not have her.

T. Traf. I am glad you are so resolv'd: And since you find that Match unequal, I must intreat you to bestow my Sister upon his Nephew, Mr. *Love-more*, who loves, and well deserves her.

O. Traf. Son, you have my Consent, dispose of her as you please.

T. Traf.

T. Traf. And as you think him worthy of your Daughter, I hope you'll think me no less of his *Emilia*.

O. Traf. 'Tis true, a Youthful Frenzy once possess'd my Blood, but now my Eyes are open'd, and I plainly see the Folly, and the Danger of such disproportion'd Matches: Therefore to you I do resign her, and will intreat Sir *Credulous's* Consent.

T. Traf. No, Sir, he never will consent to give your Son his Kinswoman, that have denied him *Carolina*. He design'd to Trick you, therefore I think it Justice to retort the Cheat, and Pay him in's own Coin. Be rul'd by me Sir, and I'll propose a way that Sir *Credulous* himself shall Resign her with his free Consent.

O. Traf. I wholly yield my self to your Discretion.

T. Traf. First, I must secure this Fellow, ——— Oh! yonder he hovers. Please you Sir, to walk in, I'll send out one to manage him. [Exeunt.

Enter Roger looking about him.

Rog. Oh he's gone; I'm glad on't; ——— who wou'd have thought the Old Prig wou'd Fight. ——— I carried the Jest a little too far, that's the Truth on't. ——— If he shou'd return, ——— I tremble at the Thoughts on't. What a dreadful, terrifying Sight is a Naked Sword! I find we Gentlemen care as little for Fighting as we do for paying our Debts. ——— I'm afraid the Fright has turn'd me into *Roger* again. I'll try; what's that? Nothing but my Fear. [Goes to Knock, and starts back again.

Enter

Enter Martina.

Mart. Bless me Sir, is't you! How glad am I you're safe return'd; A thousand Welcomes to you.

Rog. I thank thee Girl, — Come hither and kiss me.

Mart. That's too great an Honour, I kiss your Feet Sir. *[Kneels.]*

Rog. A Fig for Complements, I hate 'em. — Come hither, I say, I must kiss thee, and will kiss thee. *[Kisses her.]* The Jade has set me all o' Fire. *[Aside.]*

Mart. Alas Sir, how weak you're grown! Pray let me help you up.

Rog. True, Child, I have met with abundance of Misfortunes Abroad. How do my dear Children, *Martina*?

Mart. Mighty well Sir, they'll be overjoy'd to see you.

Rog. I don't doubt it in the least. — Here's a rare Opportunity. By your leave, Master, first I'll serve my self, and then you. — A most Incomparable Fellow, this Astrologer. *[Ex.]*

S C E N E *Changes to Traffick's House.*

Enter Roger and Martina again.

Rog. Nothing griev'd me so much when I was Drown'd as the loss of thy Company. But since I am alive again, I'll take care of thee; I'll get thee a good Husband.

Mart. A Husband! I shall be mightily oblig'd to you. I hope he is a proper, handsome Man.

Rog. That he is, I can assure thee; and then he loves

The Old Lover Out-witted.

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loves thee better than his Eyes. — He is a handsome, jolly, well-built Fellow as you shall see in a Summer's Day, just such another as my self.

Mart. Sir, I must beg your pardon, I won't throw my self away upon an Old Man.

Rog. He is not like me in Years and Gravity, but Shape, and Make; a Handsome well Set Man as I am.

Mart. His Name Sir?

Rog. *Roger Lusty.*

Mart. Sir *Credulous Mammon's* Footman?

Rog. The same.

Mart. What an unlook't for happiness is this! The sudden Joy transports me. He is the Man I doat on, I die, I languish for; O dear Sir, let me have him, and I shall think my self doubly paid for all my Services. — But oh! I fear you trifle with me. Alas! Sir, I am too sensible of my own Unworthyness. No, no, *Martina*, thou never wilt be blest with thy dear charming *Roger*. — Break therefore stubborn Heart, rather than live to see another possess that Treasure which thou hast sigh'd in vain for.

Rog. Alas a day! poor Rogue, how prettily she Weeps for me. [*Aside.*

I could'nt believe thou lov'st him so tenderly. Hast a Mind to see him?

Mart. I cou'd gaze for ever on his charming Face, but to what purpose, since it only serves to make me more unhappy.

Rog. Thou shalt see him, but be sure you are very Secret.

Mart. I will Sir.

Rog. Ha, ha, ha — Why I am *Roger*.

Mart. You my charming *Roger*! Mock not your poor

poor Servant: Love has not so far taken away my Sences, but I know my good Old Master Mr. Traffick.

Rog. Pox o' Traffick; I tell thee I am Roger, thy ~~Roger~~—What makes you Laugh?

Mart. Desire and Joy to see my Love.

Rog. Look upon me and see him.

Mart. Pardon me, Sir, I can see none, but my good Old Master Mr. Traffick.

Rog. I am within thy Love, without thy Master—Th' Astrologer Transform'd me for a Day, no longer, to Morrow I shall be all over ~~Roger~~.

Mart. Your Worship's pleas'd to be Merry, and divert your self.

Rog. Now wou'd I break my Head against the Wall to be unchang'd. A Plague on this Gentility, it sticks to one like Scandal, or the Pox, I can't get rid on't. I tell thee within, I am thy faithful and true Lover, ~~Roger Lusty~~.

Mart. You are pleas'd to Banter your poor Servant.

Rog. Carry me to the Chamber, and try me there.

Mart. O Sir, by no means, but with my charming Roger I'd stay all Night, and think my self happy.

Rog. Now cou'd I willingly dash out my Brains this is enough to make a man distracted—Pox o' my Master and this damn'd Astrologer to change me at such a Time as this, that when I have most Occasion for my self, I can't be my self—Good dear Martina, fetch me a Looking-Glass.

Mart. Sir.

Rog. Fetch one I say, let my Old Masters Business
sink

Sink or swim, I must not slip this Opportunity : For 'tis a standing Rule, first serve your self, and then your Master. [*She gives him a Glass.*] Now I shall know the Astrologer's Skill—— O Wonderful ! How in a Moment am I unchang'd, that was so long a changing : Here's my old Face again, and that very Nose that made me so welcome amongst the Maids, Now *Martina*, take thy dear *Roger* to thy Arms, do what thou wilt with him, kiss thy Belly full.

Mart. O strange ! My Master *Traffick* vanish'd, and my lovely *Roger's* in his stead : O Happy Change !

Rog. Did not I tell thee so ; but you was hard of Belief, and push'd the Blessing from you. Now I'll shew you the Difference betwixt Sixty, and Six and Twenty. [*Kisses her.*]

Mart. Hold hold, good *Roger*, not in Publick, I beseech you.——Go to my Bed-Chamber, and there.——

Rog. Ay, and there,—— Follow me, my Dear.

Mart. Never doubt me. —— So, now y'are fast. [*Sinks down at a Trap-Door.*]

Rog. Help, help *Martina*, I'm fall'n into the Cellar ; bring me a Plantane-Leaf, I have broken my Shins.

Mart. So, I have caught my Lover in a Trap, and I think I had best Marry him ; 'tis true, he's a little Simple, but what o' that, he'll serve well enough for a Husband. [*Exit.*]

Enter Sir Credulous Mammon, and Old Traffick.

Sir Cred. 'Tis a good Thought, I like thy Project well, now I see the Astrologer had equal Power to change thy Mind as well as Body. Let me embrace, and hug thee for this Service, my Dear *Roger*.

H

O. Traf.

O. Traf. Then you approve on't ?

Sir Cred. O beyond Expression !

O. Traf. And you think I speak, and look like Traffick ?

Sir Cred. Extreemly : Were he himself alive, and present, he cou'd not out-do thee.—— But where's my Plate, and Jewels, Roger ?

O. Traf. Safe, Sir.

Sir Cred. I protest, I was terribly frightn'd, when you told me you knew nothing of 'em.

O. Traf. O I did it to frighten you.

Enter T. Traffick, Lovemore, Carolina, and Emilia.

Sir Cred. Here they come.—— Now Roger play thy Part.

O. Traf. Never fear me.

Marriages once Confirm'd, and Consummate, admit of no Repentance : Therefore I think fit all Parties shou'd freely speak their Minds before it be too late.

Sir Cred. Good ! Excellent !

O. Traf. Therefore speak in time : Do you all willingly give me full Authority, and will you stand to my Award ?

Love. Whatever you Decree, I promise to submit to.

Emil. I promise too the same.

T. Traf. To this, as to all other things, my Duty obliges me.

Car. Sir, Dispose of me as of a Child that judges nothing good, but what you shall approve.

O. Traf. What say you, *Sir Credulous* ?

Sir Cred. I promise to submit to your Award. And 'cause I know the Minds of Youth are

are apt to promise, and as prone to change, 'tis my Advice, they swear to observe, without exception, your Decree.

Omnes. Content, Content.

Sir Cred. By all the Powers that hear Oaths, and Rain down Vengeance upon broken Faith, I promise to confirm, and ratifie your Sentence.

T. Traf. I Swear no less.

Love. And I.

Car. The self-same Oath binds me.

Emil. And me.

Sir Cred. Now, Mr. *Traffick*, consider our whole Dependance is on you, there's no Appeal from you to higher Courts.

O. Traf. First then for a Preparative, or slight Præludium to greater Matches, I must intreat you, that *Martina*, my Daughter's Maid, be match'd with your Man *Roger*; Fifty Pound I give her for her Portion.

Sir Cred. How cunningly the Rogue provides for himself. [*Aside.*] Content; and I'll give him a Farm of Thirty Pounds a Year.

O. Traf. I thank you. — Gentlemen, since I find my self decay'd with Age, and my late Misfortunes, and therefore much unfit to play with that Gugaw, Love, I freely resign to my Son, the fair *Emilia*, whom once indeed, I Languish'd for.

Sir Cred. How Artfully the Rogue has contriv'd to keep himself free for *Martina*. [*Aside.*]

O. Traf. *Sir Credulous*, you are a discreet Man, and are not Ignorant how ill the hot Desires of Youth become Grey Hairs: 'Tis fitter for your Age to be in Love with Vertue. For Shame awake from this Lethargick Dream, call Reason to your Aid, and by my Example, be your self once again.

Sir *Cred.* Pray Sir, forbear the Prologue, and proceed to the Business.

O. *Traf.* Conformity of Years, and Inclinations, are the only lasting Ties of Marriage. — Now betwixt Seventy Winters, and Seventeen, there's not the least Proportion. — Fie, fie, Sir *Credulous*, you, that in your younger Years have been esteem'd a Man of Sence, should in your declining Days lose that rich Opinion, and run the apparent hazard of closing the weak Remnant of your Life with Discontent, and Sorrow.

Sir *Cred.* I know the Rogue's Intention, he frights me, the more to endear his Services. [*Aside.*] Pray Sir, proceed to Sentence.

O. *Traf.* These things consider'd, I bestow my Daughter upon your Nephew Mr. *Love more*, and that you may not freeze for a Companion, I Marry you to *Patience*.

Sir *Cred.* Why Roger, thou art not in Earnest? [*Aside to him.*]

O. *Traf.* Indeed Sir, but I am. — You have mistook me all this while, I am not the Man you take me for.

Sir *Cred.* Treacherous Rogue, — This was a design'd Plot upon me. I'm not the Man you take me for. — No, I took thee for an honest Fellow, but I find thou art a Notorious Villain.

O. *Traf.* You have been abus'd, Sir.

Sir *Cred.* I know I have by thee.

O. *Traf.* Your Passion blinds your Reason: Have but a Moment's Patience. —

Sir *Cred.* Patience! — No, I'll have no Patience, — You'll Marry me to *Patience*, with a Pox to you, will you, Sirrah?

O. *Traf.* I am not your Servant Roger, whom
you

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you fondly Imagine turn'd into my Shape, but am in reallity your Old Friend, miraculouſly preserv'd from Shipwrack, as all here preſent can Teſtifie.

Sir Cred. You are all Confederates, all Rogues, all Cheats; I ſee now, all this was contriv'd before.

O. Traſ. Produce his Servant, let him undeceive him.

Enter Roger Drunk.

Rog. [Singing.] *She's but a Woman, what care I, &c.*

Sir Cred. Ha! What do I ſee! — My Rogue there, and Drunk! I am ſo Confounded, I know not what to do, or ſay. — Sirrah, Roger.

Rog. Good words you had beſt — I'm a better Man than your Worſhip — *For a Man that is Drunk is as great as a King.* [Singing.]

Sir Cred. Good Roger, give me an Account of my Plate and Jewels, that the Aſtrologer committed to thy Keeping?

Rog. What Plate, what Jewels! — Sir, he gave me none.

Sir Cred. How! What ſay'ſt thou?

Rog. Not an Ounce Sir. — But when he went to make a Gentleman of me, after he had conjur'd and mumbl'd a Parcel of Gibberish, and made a Thouſand Circles, and other Tricks, he ty'd me Neck and Heels, and blinded me with a thick Napkin: A little after unbinds me, and then I plainly ſaw that I ſaw nothing, the Parlour was ſwept as clean as my Hand Sir.

Sir

Sir Cred. Oh Undone, Undone, ruin'd for ever ! cheated and trick'd of all sides——*Sirrah*, why did not you tell me of this before ?

Rog. Sir, I was a Gentleman then, I had Business enough upon my Hands.

Love. To ballance the Misfortune of losing your Mistress, I can assure you your Plate, Gold and Jewels are all safe.

Sir Cred. Ha !——What say'st thou ? Art sure on't ?

Lov. Just now there came a Fellow to your House, and inquir'd for you, but you not being at Home, he desir'd to speak with me: Who shou'd this be, but the very Impostor, that had so grossly abused you, who pretending Remorse of Conscience, made a full Discovery of the whole Matter, desiring no Reward but your Forgiveness.——He betray'd the Place where his Confederates, and the Treasure lay conceal'd. I immediately got Assistance, and secur'd the Persons, and the Plate : This your Servant *Crafty* can averr.

Craf. Sir, I have examin'd the Plate, and find there's not a Silver Spoon missing.

Sir Cred. This is some Comfort.——I beg Ten Thousand Pardons of you, Sir, and all here, and heartily Congratulate your safe Return. I now approve, and confirm your Sentence; may they be happy in each others Love. I thank Heaven, Reason has clear'd my Sight, and drawn the Veil of Dotage, that so clouded my weak Eyes. But for these Cheats, I'll have 'em Punish'd to the utmost rigour of the Law.

Love. Except the Discoverer; for I have given him my Word and Honour he shall be safe.

Sir

The Old Lover Out-witted. 55

Sir Cred. He shall not be only safe, but well rewarded for his Honesty.

O. Traf. Since all things are thus happily concluded, I hope, Sir Credulous, you'll partake of a small Entertainment I have prepar'd.

Sir Cred. With all my Heart.

After the Musick.

O. Traf. How do Love's Storms our thoughtless Breasts
(oe'rwhelm,
While Pilot Reason steers not at the Helm?
In Errors still most Impotently prone,
To seek for Joys Old-Age has never known:
Yet we must Wish for what we can't Obtain,
And Limbs Enervate own Love's Powerful Reign:
As Inclination is for Strength receiv'd,
And Old-Men by themselves for Young believ'd.

EPILOGUE

By Mr. C. Johnson, and Spoken by
Mr. Booth.

WELL, 'tis a Charming, taking thing, I Swear,
T' enjoy — about a Thousand Pound a Year:
It makes the Clown a Beau, and the Prim Cit,
A Rakish Gentleman, a Man of Wit;

It

It gives the awkward Country Dame a Mien,
And Bloom and Youth in Sixty Nine are seen.
Ah Phillis! 'Tis th' Estate Creates the Flame,
That makes the Venus, that the Brilliant Dame;
This the fine Gentleman Adores, he Dies,
Not for the Diamonds in his Mistress Eyes,
Not for the Pearl her Ruby Lips Adorn,
But those which round her Lovely Neck are worn.
This is a Mercenary World, I vow,
Even Beauty passes unregarded now;
Cloe may be Admir'd, and Chaste we know,
But if she still is seen in Callicoe,
If she has no Brawny Footmen t' appear,
And trudge it thro' the Dirt before her Chair,
She might lead Apes, e'er one of you wou'd Woe her,
But with ungenerous Arts seek to undo her.

Wealth does a real Transformation make,
And Roger might with ease himself Mistake:
We Daily see when sudden Riches flow,
Men, nor themselves, nor their Acquaintance know;
So Timon was forgotten by his Guests,
When he no more cou'd give 'em Costly Feasts:
Yet let not Timon's Fate be Ours too,
Don't like the Ungrateful Senate, leave us now;
Keep us but Company when we are Poor,
As better times shall come, we'll quit the Score;
Let us but Jovially jog on together,
And we will bear Contentedly all Weather,
We'll Treat you with the best we can Afford,
A Hearty Welcome, and a Homely Board.



FINIS.

